

In the End

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Summary: In a couple of seconds, everything he loved disappeared. The tragic destiny of the deadman caught him again. But now he accept it fully. He will learn to take care of what's his. His little flower need only him. He promised her. He will destroy everything in his path of darkness. The Undertaker [New Story, slow progress, Dark!Taker, his daughter, dark themes, supernatural later]

## 1. Escape the Darkness

**\*\*Hi everyone, I'm Amalia and here is my first fanfiction ever : In The End.\*\***

**\*\*It will normally follow Mark career, but I will change some events or facts. The story will contain supernatural content, because the Undertaker will be so much more fun and Darker !\*\***

**\*\*I'll try to update every two days, Please follow my story o/\*\***

**\*\*Enjoy !\*\***

**\*\*( read til the last chapter, I'm improving every day. Thank you for the 200 views ! [19/04/16] )\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 5 updated the 19/04/16. \*\***

**\* \* \***

><p>It was past midnight now, Mark's driver left the arena's car park after the show in Houston, Texas. The road was desert and the radio at the front of the vehicle produced the only noises the people in the car could heard. Everyone was asleep or quiet.<br>He turned his gaze on his wife, it was the first time he let her come and watch the show. She was beautiful like that, her long hair falling on her beautiful and calm face.

**\*\*He was happy, after a long time of pain and suffering, he knew what meant the word ' family ', finally.\*\***

I will not tell you about Mark's past, because everyone knew about the tragic night of the fire accident in Death Valley, and how The Und-.. No, Mark survived, and how he killed all his family.

>Mark shook his head, and turned his gaze to the little girl Anna kept rocking slowly in her sleep. She looked like her mother so much, with her pink cheeks and her pale face. He stroked gently her cheek, letting a rare smile appear on his face. Whoever would see him like that wouldn't believe his eyes. Everybody knew Mark could be as sadistic as the character he carried in The WWE, but he just couldn't with his own family.<p>

**\*\*They meant everything for him, he would go crazy if something happened to them. They were his to protect, to cherish and keep safe and sound.\*\***

Â« \_Father.. ?\_ Â» Mark turned his face on his very left, and smiled again at the view of his oldest child snuggled against him .

>Â« <em>Sleep Horia... It's late..<em>. Â» he began toying with her messy hair, he didn't know where she took it from. Horia was her oldest child, born a couple of minutes before her sister Mickaela. The two nine years old girls were his first treasures. They proved his love for Anna. Again, this woman gave him everything. First, somebody to love and long for, then three precious girls to love and care. Mickaela was sleeping against her sister and held her teddy bear against her chest.

>Â« <em>Whenâ€| home ?... <em>Â»

>Â« <em>Soon sweetheart.. soonâ€|<em> Â» And she fell asleep again at the sound of his father's deep voice.

>What could Mark ask for ? He had everything, his wrestling career was bright, he had money and a precious family. After everything was taken from him, he had finally something to devote his life on.<br>He focused his gaze on the road weekly illuminated outside, the road was still desert. He was finally home. He could see already the lights of the city not so far. He stretched a little. The driver in the front yawned. The night's program finished on the radio. The entertainer said goodbye. They entered the city. And all of Mark's little world suddenly crushed at his feet.

**\*\*All happened so quickly, the driver missed the red signal, Mark didn't see it. A monstrous, cacophonous noise and a brutal blow with a strong knock. Then nothing but black.\*\***

## 2. Found by the Darkness

**\*\*Hi ! It's Amalia, here is the second chapter of my first fanfiction ever. I would like to thank you guys ! 50 views is awesome for me !\*\***

**\*\*please add the story in your favourites and in the follows, english isn't my main language and it will give me strenght to continue the story, i'll try to be better and better every chapter. If you have question i'll be happy to answer. I'm never gonna give up the story and I will try to update as fast as I can ! \*\***

**\*\*Please help and support ! \*\***

**\*\*Enjoy ! \*\***

\* \* \*

><p>" <em>You will never rest in peace .. You can't<em>.. "

He woke up screaming, his hands on his ears. The doors opened quickly and a dozen of doctors and nurses raced in the room.

" \_He's alive\_ ! "

Everybody hurried around him, doing their work. He couldn't keep his hands out of his ears, the deafening sound still in here. The headache should have knocked him out but the pain was so strong he couldn't shut his eyes. Everyone tried to keep him in the bed. The chemical products's smell disgusted him and he was about to throw up.

It was too much. He couldn't take the pain away. It was the same pain he felt years ago , it was even stronger. He wanted to break everything in the room, the doctors, the nurses, the furnitures, the walls, the doors.. He.. . He began to close his eyes then. Somebody gave him a injection and everything went black again.

" \_The poor man.. How are we going to announce him that Henry.. Mister is not in the state to take this.. We should wait "\_

" \_No Reina.. It's part of our job.. We'll wait until he wake up.. Then we shall speak to him, professionally\_. "

" \_How is the little girl\_ ? "

" \_She will live, when the car crushed, her mother's body plus his father's protected her, the truck crashed against the other side of the limo, it's a miracle she survived, like her father, but she's very weak for the moment. We shall speak about that later, let the man rest \_"

Then they were gone, the room went quiet for the rest of the night.

He finally woke up 36 hours later, in the middle of the afternoon. The neon lamp wouldn't stop its noise. Outside, many crows were sitting on a big tree, facing Mark's room. His eyes opened but he shut them quickly.

" Why am I here.. I.. "

He remembered, his mind started to recall everything.

" \_Anna.. Horia .. Amelia.. Mickaela..\_ "

With difficulty, he tried to sit up straight. He lost his gaze in the white wall in front of him. The minutes passed slowly, he couldn't think clearly. The door opened then and the crows outside went away.

" \_Mr Callaway\_ ? "

He turned slowly where the man stood. A doctor again.

" \_Y..ess\_ ? "

" \_I'm here to inform you about the accident..\_ "

He moved forward slowly, nervous, it wasn't everyday that he had to announce to a WWE superstar this kind of thing, to The Undertaker on top of that..

" D\_uring the night between Monday and Tuesday, your driver, you and your family had a car crash accident in the city, a truck crashed against your vehicle.. When we pulled you out of the car, you were dead and the medical crew tried to revive you, in vain, we evacuated you to the hospital and after a couple of hours you.. Came back to life.. Of course we have a lot of scientific explanation who can demonstrate how you -\_ "

" \_Shut up .. I swear if you don't shut the fuck up I'm going to kill you.. \_"

Mark hid his face, the pain still strong in his head.

" \_Where are my girls ?.. What happened to my wife and my children ?.\_. "

" \_Mr Mark.. I think you should rest stil.. It's not\_ - "

" \_Answer. Now. I want to see them and you're not stopping me.\_  
"

The young doctor shivered, he was all alone and he was too young to die now. "

" \_We tried to help them.. All the medical crew tried .. Our best doctors and surgeons tried.. You-r.. Yo-ur wife passed away during the car crash.. Horia Callaway and Mickaela Callaway's death followed a couple of hours after... I'm sorry..\_ "

Mark mind went blank. The word " dead " repeated in his thoughts, It couldn't be real, it couldn't. It was a nightmare, it was atrocious. His treasures, he lost them, he lost them forever. Like that.

His first and only love, the woman of his life, her who relieved him. The flesh of his flesh, his two little and precious baby girls.. He who saw them grow into two beautiful kids.. They were too kind.. The three of them.. Too kind and beautiful to die now.

Did they suffered ? Did they felt pain before they leaved forever ? Did his two little sweethearts had to feel pain so young ? Did they felt the same pain he endured years ? Was it worse ? He wished they didn't.

He wished everything was just a bad dream. He wished he fell asleep in this car.

" \_The driver is in fault.. He missed a red signal.. He's alive and not in a bad state.. Also your youngest child , Amelia, survived.. But she's in a really bad state.. We're sure her state will be better soon\_.. "

His little flower.. Amelia.. God.. She was still with him.. She was in hearth.. She didn't leave him, an single tear rolled down his face.

" \_I want to see them. I want to see them now\_.. "

" \_Mister.. I understand but they're already.. Already burried..\_ "

" \_How\_ ?! "

Mark stood up, ignoring the pain in his legs, in shock.

" \_WHO ORDERED THIS\_ ?! "

The doctor tried to step back but it was too late, the WWE superstar grabbed him by his tie and soon he wasn't on the floor anymore.

" \_Your- Your f-fat-father.. Mr Bear\_-"

Mark dropped him suddenly. His eyes widened in shock. No. This name. He thought his past would stay where it was. Images from his childhood came back. He saw his mother and his father, he saw his precious brother and this man. His demons caught him again. It was too late. He shivered at the thought of the name. Paul Bearer. He worked back there, in his parent's funeral home.

A creepy but harmless man. Mark loved to toy with him has a child. His father ? Bullshit..

Wasn't he supposed to be dead in the fire ? He remembered, the man was here this night. When he dropped the fire. How was he not dead ? Worse, what was he doing in this hospital the same night of the car crash. How did he know ?

"\_ I- I can let you see your daughter Mister.. I'm sure you\_ - "

" \_Move ! Go on.."\_

The doctor stood up quickly and went outside, Mark followed him, thinking about everything and nothing at the same time.

His heart was crying the death of his girls, but he couldn't stop the felling of happiness at he thought of his little Amelia. She would help him survive. He needed her more than ever. She was the last light in his world of darkness.

"~\_ Or is she the last barrier to your way to complete power\_ ?~"

He tightened his fists, Was he mad ? Insane ? Was it his fault if his family suffered ? Was it because of him ? Probably..

Undertaker shook his head and followed the doctor.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>See ya !<strong>

Amalia,

### 3. Hearing the Darkness

\*\*Here is the new chapter ! Ām trying to keep a cadence for the updates. Every two days ! I'm sorry if this chapter is short, but I found him important because it will help me create a big transition in the beginning of the story, also, it will be the end of Undertaker last life ! \*\*

\*\*Yeah don't worry wrestling and everything is coming ! But I like my story slow as I update everytime and there will be lot of chapters.\*\*

\*\*The next chapter will be so good I can't wait to show you guys :3\*\*

\*\*\_please add in your favourites or at least review ! It will help me know if you guys like my story or not !\_\*\*

\*\*\_It's important !\_\*\*

\*\*\_Ps : If I get reviews, I'll update the chapter tomorrow ;)\_\*\*

\*\*\_Enjoy !\_\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Here she was, his everything, his last hope, quietly asleep, peacefully. Mark moved toward her slowly, as if she would wake up. He kneeled in front of her bed as slowly as before and put his right hand on hers. She was breathing hardly and needed an oxygen mask to help her.<p>

He shivered, then put his head against his daughter's chest, tears silently running down his face. He gritted his teeth and a deep cry of rage escaped his mouth. He couldn't loose her too. He wouldn't survive. He looked again at his precious princess. She didn't deserve that. They didn't deserve that. Mark made the promess a long time ago that he would make sure his children had an happy childhood. He failed and hated himself for that. " You'll never rest in peace.. " he knew know. He took a long breath and rose.

" \_What about her state ?\_ "

He didn't even look away from Amelia, the doctor shivered and looked at the tall man's back.

" She has broken ribs.. It's a miracle she survived this young.. She's in an artificial coma.. It's the best for her... Her throat his damaged too.. We don't know when she will recover fully.. "

" \_You better take care of her... "

he turned to the doctor then and took a seat on the chair, covering his face with his hands.

"\_ You can leave us\_. "

the doctor shook his head and walked out, quickly. Mark yawned and gritted his teeth at the sudden pain in his leg, he didn't think about his injury since he woke up.

" \_I must have my bones broken\_.. "

He rested his head against the back of his seat and closed his eyes. The tears were already gone and he shivered at the cold feeling which was taking over his body. He felt alone. Again. He couldn't even see his precious girls a last time. He was damned.

He wanted to die right now. If Amelia wasn't here he would already be with them.

~" \_Anna...? My dear.. help me.. I have to be strong... for the five of us... Take care of Horia and Mickaela where you are.. I'll carry the pain.. I promess, I will not fail you this time. \_"~

\* \* \*

><p><strong>A month and a few days later<strong>

He finally decided to visit their graves. This day, all his strength leaved him and he cried again, for a last time. He would never forget the pain but he decided to deal with it from now. Mark came back to the hospital and visited his little flower everyday, watching her in her sleep for hours, before heading to one miserable hotel not so far. They didn't know when she would wake up, but he would wait. Always..

" \_She's fine and less weaker than before\_ "

They said this everytime he came, but he didn't care. He just wanted to be reunited with her again. His company granted him a six month break and Vince McMahon even came for a talk. He remembered the pity in his eyes this day. He didn't need pity. Mark sighed as he stood in front of the mirror, he was sick of everything. His face got paler, his thoughts were a real chaos. He never left the hotel apart from going to the hospital.

He trained a lot, hours, days even.. it was his only way to forget for a moment the pain and everything. He would not wait six months, he needed to feel this Undertaker aura again, he needed to inflict his pain to others. His older self was coming back, and he would not try to stop it this time.

He began, with the time, to loath everyone's happiness again, to feel disgusted at the sight of everybody's smile. The greatest wrestler started to laugh hysterically, throwing away the chair near him.

" \_I'm going mad.. For real\_..."

~" \_Madness isn't that bad Mark.. Believe me.. \_"~

" \_I know\_ ! "

He shouted loudly, before hitting the mirror with his fist, not even damaging his hand. A couple of seconds later, the phone began to ring and Mark looked at it before taking the phone of the hook.

" \_What\_ ? "

The black haired man snorted. The hospital never called before, what did they want ?

" \_Mister .. Young Amelia woke up.. Three hours ago, She's not able to leave the hospital yet, but visits are allowed from now.. - Mister ? Is there someone ? Allo \_? "

The deadman was already in the corridors, putting his jacket on, pushing people on his way, he couldn't wait.

**\*\*She was awake, finally.\*\***

#### 4. Accepting the Darkness

**\_\*\*Here is the fourth chapter o/, I had fun writing this one ! I hope you'll like it ! \*\*\_\*\*I like to listen to Kane's intro theme when I write this story, the songs " Slow Chemical " is so great.\*\*\_**  
**\_\*\*Don't forget to review the story and add it to your favorites ! \*\*\_**

He couldn't believe it until he saw her with his own eyes. The doctors told him she still needed to stay here a couple of day, that she needed rest from now, but he just wanted to bring her home. Mark walked toward her quietly and fell on his knees near the bed. It seemed his little flower fell asleep again. One of the doctor came and he listened silently as the man spoke about the injury and the treatment she had to take from now. When the man leaved, Mark relaxed a bit.

He sighed and took Amelia's hands with his, he felt her little hands squeeze a little finally a couple of minuts later and smiled. The smile fell quickly for a face full of concern and relief when his daughter tried to open her eyes, in vain.

" \_sshh..Don't force yourself\_ "

>The Phenom kept murmuring reassuring words to her but she kept trying. She finally opened her bright emerald eyes after a few minutes, eyes full of tears she looked directly into her father's.<br>" \_Da-daddy..\_ "

>She coughed roughly with pain. He quickly stood up, bringing her against his strong chest, his left hand massaging her back.<br>" \_It's okay.. I'm here.. Relax..\_ "

>He kept rocking her against him for a long moment as she fell asleep a second time. He laid her on the bed a few minuts later as he put the blankets over Amelia little body.<br>He sat on the chair next to the bed, and quietly watched her in her sleep. After a moment, his eyes began to close slowly and he fell asleep too.

~~~ " \_Mark ! I got one\_ ! "

>A little boy was running, nearly falling a couple of time before stopping, a bright smile on his face, the brightest he never seen in his life.<br>" \_Good\_ " he found himself say,

>" P<em>ut it in the can so we can begin the experiment !<em> " "

>Mark fell on his little legs and looked at his brother, the smaller boy shook his head and did the same, putting a tied rat in the can before closing it.<br>" \_You think it's gon' work'\_ ? "



>" <em>I think so, Paul told me it was called "cremation", they do it to people sometimes<em>. "

>" <em>It's scary !<em> "

>"<em> Come on little brother, I told you already not to be scared, you're not a baby anymore<em> "

>Young Mark grinned as he took a lighter from his pocket and placed the can on a pile of wood and coal he stole from their parents.<br>" \_Glenn, wanna try this time ?\_ "

>The boy eyed the lighter a moment and answered " <em>No<em> " by shaking strongly his head.

>" <em>Fine then, I'll do it myself<em> "

>He started to approach the lighter to the can carefully, shivering as he finally set the woods on fire. They watched quietly the can, waiting for something to happen . The rat, trapped, began to scream. The two kids were silent, a look of horror and sick curiosity in their eyes.<br>" \_WHAT IS GOING ON HERE ?!\_ "

>The two boys jumped and saw a short, chubby man coming their way. The fat man was running.<br>" \_Go Glenn\_ ! "

>Mark took his brother hand and started to run as fast as he could. It was quite easy to leave Paul behind, the man was a real pig. They entered a forest near the park and stopped a few minutes later, breathless.<br>They started to laugh together.

Glen jumped in his brother's arms, giggling. Mark caughted him and smiled before falling in the grass. They stayed like that a moment, quiet. Little hands were suddenly grabbing his throat and Mark laugh disappeared, eyes weren't little hands anymore.

A huge, colossal man was on top of him now, his dirty hair falling on his face covered by a red mask. He was trying to strangle him.

>Mark screamed. ~~~~<p>

Mark coughed as he opened his emerald eyes, checking his throat to see if there was anything. Nothing. He sighed and rested his head against the back of the chair. Just a nightmare. He was fucking done. His demons were here, he couldn't ignore them anymore.

Crows were flying around the hospital, he could see them outside, they always followed him everywhere, since he was a kid, since He ordered him to kill them. A laugh escaped Mark's mouth.

>~" <em>I should be in a fucking asylum, I'm mad<em> "~

>"<em> Dad ? Daddy ?<em> " Amelia's weak voice croaked and pulled out Mark from his thoughts, the man rose from his seat and got closer to her.

>" <em>I'm here darling.. All is fine..<em> " He adjusted his coat and ran his hand through her black hair. She closed her eyes at the sound of his father's voice and touch as she seemed to relax a bit.

>"<em> Where is mom<em> ? "

>Mark heart stopped at her words. How could he answer that ? He took a long breath and bit his lips. He had to tell her, he was sure that she would not understand at the young age of six. He'll have to explain her in the future. It was part of his tasks.<br>"\_ She's.. She's resting.. Mom is resting\_ "

>" <em>Mom is sick<em> ? "

>The weak voice full of concern saddened him even more.<br>" \_No she's not sick.. It's not like that.. You'll understand when you get older\_ "

>She nodded and buried herself under the blankets, not pleased with

her father answer.<br>" \_Come on baby girl, we're going home now.  
Together. You stayed here far too long\_ "

As the documents were already signed, he wouldn't wait even more here and could bring her home already.

>He removed the blankets slowly and picked her up carefully. She buried her head in his father's neck and shut her eyes again. After checking if there was anything left, he opened the door and carried her across the corridors.<p>

People started whispering around him as he kept walking calmly, staring coldly everyone while leading to the gates.

It was a new beginning for the two of them.

He will keep his chance this time

## 5. Missing the Darkness

**\*\*Here is the new chapter ! I saw you guys enjoyed the little flashback between Kane and Taker, so I decided to add more of them, and if you enjoyed it so much I might do a story about them. \*\***

**\*\*In The End.. If i can say that.. Will finally begin xD ! I might add Amelia POV in the future and more about the relation father/daughter. Kind of supernatural stuff will definitely appear in the story, you could already see it with the crows, but it's just the beginning so I'm not going to spoil !\*\***

**\*\*so : \*\***

**\*\* - more about Taker childhood and why he burned his house. \*\***

**\*\* - more childhood flashbacks with Glenn \*\***

**\*\* - more father/daughter cute moments. \*\***

**\*\* - Amelia isn't going to be the perfect mary sue, the perfect daughter, perfect in everything. She's weak. Young. I try to keep my characters as realistic as possible. \*\***

**\*\*So please enjoy ! Add in your favourites and review ! :)\*\***

**\* \* \***

><p>Back at the hotel, the deadman laid down Amelia in his bed and covered her with all the blankets he possessed.<p>

He sat next to his little girl and began toying with her long hair. The six years old locked her eyes with her father's as she relaxed , feeling warm and slowly falling asleep under her father touch.

After checking if she was deeply asleep, The Undertaker stood up and sat back behind his desk, huffing a sigh and rubbing his brow.

He then spent the rest of the afternoon on the phone, contacting the company and ensuring he would be present for the next show. Papers were just not his favourite past time, but if he wanted to achieve his comeback, he just had to do it. Mark sighed again, looking up at

Amelia. Moving every week... She was too young and the WWE was not a proper environment for her. Mark felt guilty, but he had no choice.

He groaned and turned away from her, looking outside the windows. The sky was becoming darker and darker and lost deep in his own thoughts, he didn't realize he was nearly in complete darkness.

Frowning, he stood up and turned on the lights. He flinched and closed his eyes a couple of second to get used to the brightness.

His head was still full of plans and ideas as he began to feel a headache. He went to the bathroom and admired himself a moment in the mirror. He suddenly felt tired, not physically, it was a strange feeling he could hardly describe.

He shook his head and turned on the tap to wash his face, pressing his hands together against his cheeks and rubbing them frantically.

Memories of his long lost sweet wife and his precious daughters were always haunting him, he could not close his eyes without seeing them again and again, it was impossible. His hands shivered.

He knew now he would never rest in peace , it was his destiny after all, he accepted it a long time ago.

Mark straightened up after a moment and grabbed a towel to dry his face, sighing. The memories of his daughters were not the only memories that came back to him.

Other memories he thought he had buried long since returned, too. It was a bad sign. His dream this morning confirmed it. Paul's presence in the hospital that night .. and his childhood memory with Glenn .. The Undertaker gritted teeth, remembering.

"\_A simple mistake! His death was only a dirty fucking error! I do regret nothing, do I ? It's too late to regret now, that whiny little stupid kid died long ago. I couldn't stand him anymore anyway. that is the past ! " \_

His face darkened and he almost laughed.

He threw the towel in the bathtub and left the bathroom, slamming the door, cursing himself mentally and praying he didn't woke up his daughter.

He did not notice it was this late. So he really spent all afternoon and the evening trying to solve his problems locked in the hotel room after all.

Amelia didn't even wake up once and did not eat all day. He was worried but he could not wake her now, it was too late. He felt guilty for not taking care of her, he then promised himself he would do it tomorrow. Everything was in place now. He worked hard for the two of them. He turned out the light and turned on the one on the bedside table.

The tall man removed his shirt and laid down gently on the bed beside

his daughter, being careful not to wake her with his weight on the mattress, breathing and relaxing a little. Her daughter was sleeping quietly, her small body heaving to the rhythm of her breathing. They would leave tomorrow at dawn, a man had to bring a van tomorrow at the hotel reception.

He could not stay here longer. The next show would be in Oklahoma City, 450 miles away from here. He should rest now. Mark closed his eyes as he tried to clear his mind, finally falling asleep a moment later.

\* \* \*

><p>"<em>Reckless kid! Give me the lighter!<em>"

The little blond boy continued to run, yet breathless. This time, he would show Mark that he was also great ! And Mark would stop laughing over him..

He climbed the stairs as fast as he could and returned in the attic that he and his brother had converted. He slowed down and smiled when he saw no Paul, then emerged the lighter from his pocket.

He lit it and slowly ran his fingers over the flame.

"\_You will burn yourself with that.\_"

Glen turned when he heard a laugh coming from behind, and then he looked up at the little mocking voice who addressed him.

"\_I'm not an idiot.\_"

The older boy looked at him before jumping from the cabinet where he was installed, walking toward his little brother.

"\_Obviously you're not, you did well by escaping Paul's room and retrieving the lighter.\_"

"\_Our parents are going to kill us when Paul will tell them\_!"

Mark sighed and grabbed the lighter from Glenn's hands, shrugging his shoulders.

\_"You care about Mom and Daddy now? How cute.\_ "

Glenn puffed his cheeks and frowned, it made Mark laugh and he ruffled his brother's blond hair.

"\_Do not worry. Everything is going well.\_"

He sat on the dusty floor of the attic and looked at his brother.

"\_Tell me Glenn, what do you know about explosions\_ ?"

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Short chapter I know. I have test and everything but I will try to write as much as I can ! <strong>

**\*\*See ya ! \*\***

## 6. Caught by the Darkness

**\*\*Here is the sixth chapter ! I had a hard time writing it. I started the seventh and the eighth one in the same time, and I finished them before this one ( I love to write wrestling scenes ).\*\***

**\*\*plus, I have my french test in two days, I have to learn more than 15 texts and explain them in front of a teacher, I'll dying right now. Help.\*\***

**\*\*Hm, anyway, this chapter is fully Amelia / Mark. I love to write scenes between a father and his daughter ! It's cute. But you'll see, their relation is not getting better D:\*\***

**\*\*Enjoy ! Don't forget to \*\*\*\*\_review\_\*\*\*\* ! ( it really \*\*\*\*\_HELP\_\*\*\*\* me continue the story.. ) , add to your favourite ! And have a nice day ! :D \*\***

\* \* \*

><p>Mark went down to the reception at dawn as agreed, Amelia in his arms and a suitcase in the same hand. The little girl was not completely asleep but too tired to say or do anything. They woke up an hour earlier and he made sure she ate something this time. The reception room was dimly lit by the lamps and nobody was there at this hour. Putting on his long black coat, he walked out in the cool of the morning and took a deep breath of fresh air as he watched silently the street.<p>

A few cars passed from time to time. He looked up to the sky and admired the still gray clouds, deep in his thoughts. However, he was quickly interrupted at the sound of a car approaching. He lowered his eyes and spotted the black van parking near the entrance.

Mark approached the man busy sorting papers in the car, who only noticed the deadman presence a couple of seconds later by sound of his heavy breathing .

"\_Ah! You must be Mr Call\_-"

The poor man did not even have the time to finish his sentence as he was pulled with force out of the vehicle. Amelia opened her eyes slightly but enough to see the man who was behind his father now.

The Undertaker dropped the bag behind the seat and quickly got into the van, checking if the key was here. He then switched on the vehicle, his daughter still in his arms. He cast a quick glance to the papers in front of him, mentally making sure that everything was okay as he closed the door and, after swinging the man's stuff and a wad of notes out the window, he started.

\* \* \*

><p><span>A couple of hours later<span>.

They had been in the car for a few hours already, the sun was now

fully awaken and weather was dry and hot. A soft music could be heard on the radio. Amelia slowly woke up, growling slowly at the pain on her back, she turned and looked silently at the man at her left.

The Phenom was focused on the road, his hands holding tightly the wheel, his face showing no emotion. They were in the middle of nowhere and Mark was more than eager to leave this damned state.

"\_ Are we going home\_ ? "

The soft voice of the little girl drew his father from his thoughts, he turned his gaze and looked at her daughter, always driving. "Not home sweetheart, but we're arriving soon" he answered with his deep voice.

She looked at him, not convinced as he sighed.

"\_ I promise, okay ? Hungry? Thirsty\_?"

He turned again his attention to the road, taking his right hand from the steering wheel to caress his daughter's hair but she moved away, grumpy. He sighed again.

"\_I don't want to go anywhere ! I want to go home now ! I miss my sisters and mom\_ ! "

Mark pinched the bridge of his nose and breathed as strong as he could to keep his voice calm. He looked at his daughter one more time. How could he tell her that he wanted to go home too.., but couldn't because there wasn't a fucking home anymore ?

"\_ I have work to do, and I thought you would have enjoyed to travel with your father, but I see I'm wrong now. I'm disappointed\_. "

Mark imitated a sad voice and accelerated slightly. Amelia felt a little ashamed as she swung her feet in the air and squeezed her hands. She looked at her father who was focused on the road, then moved a little to put her head against his father's muscular arm. The man smiled as he felt his daughter relax a bit, he couldn't blame her, she still didn't know.. And he didn't know how he could explain her neither..

"\_ Finding I'm more lost and found \_

\_When she's not around..\_

\_When she's not around..\_

\_I feel it coming down... "

Mark looked at the radio, a familiar feeling spreading through him. He shut down quickly the device.

" \_Are you mad at me daddy\_ ? "

"\_ I'm not Amelia.. it's nothing, I promise\_ "

She nodded quietly and closed her eyes. She missed her sisters and her mother very much. Her father didn't even tell her where they were and where she was going. Feeling tired again, she slowly fell asleep

a second time, holding her father's arm.

\* \* \*

><p><span>A few hours later, 4pm<span>.

Mark drove a couple of hours more, finally reaching a little town a couple of miles near Oklahoma City. The neighbourhood consisted of a couple of house and a hotel restaurant, no one was outside except a black cat running in the street. Mark parked the car near the restaurant which was empty and he walked out, stretching himself.

He did not plan to house in Oklahoma itself, the big city being too noisy and the fans too troublesome. He closed the door and walked around the vehicle, opening the second door to take Amelia in his arms. Having locked the car and retrieving the luggages, they headed towards the hotel where they would stay a few days.

\* \* \*

><p><span>A few hours later, 8pm<span>.

The wrestler stepped in the bathroom, seating Amelia on the washbasin. The little girl yawned and stretched herself, trying to keep her eyes open as her father told her. She looked at Mark coming back and forth between the bedroom and here. Turning slightly on her left, she looked at her reflexion in the mirror. The light cut a short instant before returning to normal. She shivered at the touch of the cold surface beneath her. She opened the tap and quietly washed her face, yawning a second time.

The deadman came back in the room, looking at Amelia and stopping right at the door.

" \_Is everything fine\_ ? "

Amelia jumped and looked at the mirror before turning to her father. Her eyes widened as she looked at the mirror again before screaming and slipping back. She fortunatly was narrowly caught by the strong arms of Mark, who had no clue what happened.

" \_Amelia, what is it ?\_ "

He turned her so she could face him. Her eyes were full of tears and she was struggling in her father's arm, in vain.

" \_Amelia, tell me what's wrong\_ ! "

She refused to speak and continued to struggle. She grabbed her father's hair and made him cry out. Mark released her before taking her right hand and lifting her up with force, sighing in frustration. His cold heart sank at the memory of Anna, his long lost wife would have managed the situation without problems. He couldn't. He never rose his children like Anna did. The man suddenly felt like a visitor in front of Amelia. The girl continued to struggle in his hand, shouting and beating his arm. She started crying a second time then.

"\_ Dad.. You're hurting me ! Release\_ \_me \_! "

~\_Damn\_~ Mark looked at her again and released her suddenly, falling on his knees.

" S\_hh.. I'm sorry, relax, I didn't realize\_.. "

He tried to put his hands on her shoulders but she backed quickly.

" \_You're a Monster ! You're not my dad ! You're the monster like in the mirror ! Don't touch me\_ ! "

Amelia looked at the deadman with fear, and the man heart stopped. The look his daughter was giving him scared him more. No child should look at his parents with so much fear in his eyes, he knew. Mark was frustrated, tired, angry, and now Amelia was out of control.

" \_Fine, I'm not approaching\_. "

Mark rose, always looking at her. He then turned back and quietly leaved the room, one hand on his head. Amelia stoped crying a couple of seconds later and wiped her red cheeks. She leaned against the cold wall and curled herself into a tiny ball, closing softly her still red eyes.

\*\*She fought the monster.\*\*

\*\*Or so she thought.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>hope you enjoyed ! See ya next time !<strong>

End  
file.